

TERMS.
Per year, in advance, \$2.00
For six months, \$1.00
A failure to notify the Publisher of a wish to discontinue the paper at the end of an engagement, will be regarded as wish to continue the paper.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
The following prices for advertising have been agreed upon by the publishers of newspapers in this town:

One square, one insertion	1.00
Three	2.00
Subsequent insertions each	.25
1 square 3 months	5.00
1 " 6 " "	10.00
1 " 12 " "	15.00
1 " 3 " "	6.00
1 " 6 " "	10.00
1 " 12 " "	15.00
One-fourth column, three months	15.00
" " " "	25.00
" " " "	30.00
" " " "	45.00
One column, one insertion	20.00
" " " "	35.00
" " " "	50.00
" " " "	60.00
Business cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year	1.00
Legal advertisements, per square line	1.00
W. C. GOULD, Publisher-Register.	
W. M. MILLIKAN, Publisher-Herald.	

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Judge of Fayette Common Pleas Court.
A. S. DICKY, of Highland County.
Probate Judge—S. B. YOUNG.
Prosecuting Attorney—J. B. PRIDDY.
Sheriff—JAMES STRATTON.
Clerk of Court—R. MILLIKAN.
Auditor—ABEL MCANDREWS.
Recorder—A. C. JOHNSON.
Treasurer—J. W. HARRISON.
Coroner—JACOB CROOKER.
Commissioners—W. H. JONES, ALLEN HAZLER, B. F. THOMAS.
UNION CENTRAL COMMITTEE.
The following comprises the Union Central Committee of Fayette County:
Chairman—Capt. Allen Hargler, Curran Millikan and M. J. Williams.
JEFFERSON—Ethan Allen and S. W. Sayre.
PAINT—Thomas Larrimer.
MASONRY—B. F. YOUNG.
WARRIOR—John H. Pettit.
FARMER—Jacob Crook.
GROCER—Capt. Morris B. Rowe.
GREEN—Elias Reader.
JANET—Rufus DeGroot.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

D. C. EASTMAN, H. H. EDWARDS, J. B. PRIDDY. The Board meets at Washington on the third Saturday of every month, also the first Saturday in April, May, August, September, October and November.

4. O. O. F.

Temple Lodge, No. 227, meets at Washington every Tuesday evening at their hall on Court street, G. M. SCOTT, N. G.; J. B. PRIDDY, V. G.; ALLEN HAZLER, R. S.; R. MILLIKAN, T.

F. & A. M.

Fayette Lodge, No. 107, of Free and Accepted Masons, meets on the first Wednesday evening after the full moon, and on the moon falls on Wednesday, when the moon falls on Wednesday, on that evening. M. J. WILLIAMS, W. M.; A. C. JOHNSON, S. W.; G. M. SCOTT, V. G.; J. B. PRIDDY, T. R.; R. S. MILLIKAN, Sec.; J. H. YOUNG, S. D.; W. P. CLEAVLAND, J. D.; L. O. KAYSER, Tyler.

I. O. O. T.

Ray of Hope Temple No. 229, meets every Monday evening at the Odd Fellows' Hall. J. SNIDER, W. C. T.; JEMME LOGAN, V. T.; C. T. EMERSON, W. O.; R. H. MILLIKAN, W. R. S.; MAGGIE A. UNICK, W. A. S.; GEORGE J. JENKINS, W. P. S.; JOHN WILSON, W. T. A.; H. SNIDER, W. M.; EMMA CHERRY, W. D. M.; LIDE McELWAIN, W. I. G.; GEORGE BRYAN, W. O. G.; JOSE RICKMORE, W. R. H. S.; LIDE MILLIKAN, W. L. H. S.; T. M. UNICK, P. W. O. T.; J. B. PRIDDY, T. D.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. B. PRIDDY, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Washington, Ohio.

Office in the Court House—up stairs, Nov. 24, 1866.

M. J. WILLIAMS, Attorney at Law, Washington, Ohio, will promptly attend to all professional business entrusted to his care. Office on Court street, over Berwin's Hardware store in rear of Fayette Co. Bank.

M. PAVEY, Attorney at Law, Washington, Ohio, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the Court House—up stairs.

H. B. MAYNARD, Attorney at Law, Washington, Ohio. Office over J. W. Gas-kill's dry goods store.

T. M. GRAY, Attorney at Law, Washington, Ohio. Office over J. W. Gas-kill's dry goods store.

BRIGGS & PALMER, Attorneys at Law, will practice in Fayette and adjoining counties. Office over Yeoman & Co.'s store, Washington, O. R. M. Briggs will regularly attend the Courts of Highland and Pickaway counties. Claims for Soldiers' Back Pay and Bounty, promptly attended to.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. FURTWÄNGER, Jeweler, and dealer in and repairer of Watches, Clocks, &c. Washington, Ohio. 26

J. S. BEREMAN, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Iron, Nails, Window Glass, Rope, Wooden-ware, Stoves, &c. Court street, Washington, Ohio. 12

N. YEOMAN & CO., Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods dealers, Court street, Washington, Ohio. 18

R. MILLIKAN, dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall and Window Paper, &c. Court street, Washington, Ohio.

E. L. & STIMSON, dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Coal, and all kinds of and Produce, Washington, O. 14

SEWING MACHINE OIL, A. J. S. BEREMAN.

FAYETTE COUNTY HERALD

ESTABLISHED IN 1858

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS AND HOME INTEREST.

VOL. 9,

WASHINGTON, FAYETTE CO., O., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1867.

NO. 30.

THE BIG SHOE

STILL Sits by the Door!

And I have just received another

LARGE STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS AND SHOES!

at my store, which I am able to sell at

LOW PRICES

as any house in the country can sell the same quality of goods. Buying as

Large Quantities

as I do, I buy at a less price than those who buy in small quantities. Then, in making up goods at the same

per cent. as other houses do, my work comes at from

5 to 10 Per Cent. Less

THAN OTHERS CAN SELL.

I warrant the workmanship of my stock of

Eastern and City Work.

If it rips in the pegging or sewing, I have it

REPAIRED WITHOUT CHARGE!

Which gives the buyers at least ten per cent. in that way over buying at Dry Goods Stores, where they have not the facilities for doing that.

MY OWN

Manufactured Goods,

ARE SECOND TO NO HOUSE

in the county, in regard to stock or work.

IBUY THE BEST

LEATHER.

I can get, and employ none but solid, judicious workmen, and consequently it is seldom that we disappoint our customers, either in time or quality of work.

HATS & CAPS

is large and well-selected, and I don't allow any man to sell them at a less price for the same quality than I do.

Ladies and gentlemen's

HOSE AND HALF-HOSE.

A large stock of American, English and French, ranging in price from 25c to 50c per pair for ladies' hose.

My stock of

LEATHER AND FINDINGS

is large and well-selected for the wants of the Shoe and Leather trade of the country.

I feel thankful for past favors, and solicit a continuance of your patronage.

A. HAMILTON.

NEW SPRING

SUMMER GOODS

JUST RECEIVED AT

GASKILL & ARNOLD'S.

We are now receiving our new goods, bought at the recent

LOW PRICES!

and will sell them as low, if not a little lower than any other house in town. We are just opening a LARGE VARIETY of

DRS. Jephthae, Sr., & J. M. DAVIS.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM the citizens of Washington and vicinity that they have associated themselves permanently in the practice of medicine.

Their vast experience and successful treatment of all the forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases for more than thirty years, has gained for them a wide spread reputation; and having availed themselves of the advantages of all the new discoveries and means for the relief and cure of the afflicted, they confidently anticipate a full share of the patronage and confidence of the public, believing they so well and truly merit that confidence of this people.

They will give particular attention to all forms of

CHRONIC DISEASES!

Especially those of Females.

Diseases of the Ear and Eyes, Deafness, Otorrhoea, Blindness, Sore Eyes, Scrofula in all its various forms and complications; Nervous Diseases of every kind, Affections of the Throat and Lungs, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Affections of the Stomach and Bowels, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Heart Diseases and Sexual Debility, Spermatorrhoea, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and all the forms of skin disease. The various forms of Dropsy, Erysipelas, Eczema, Psoriasis, and Pimples of every form, Protrusion Uteri, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, Suppression, and all the forms of Female irregularity, will receive special attention.

OFFICE one door West of the Willson House.

Where one or the other can be found at all times unless professionally absent.

Consultation at Office Free.

They will visit patients if requested. March 28, 1867. 18-1f.

Medical Notice.

Dr. E. CONE may be consulted at the following times and places:

In Washington, at the Kirk House, on Tuesday, after the express train arriving going West, until the train goes west on Wednesday, June 11; July 16; Aug. 20; Sep. 24; Oct. 29.

Dr. CONE cures all forms of Chronic Diseases, as Dyspepsia in all its various varieties; all diseases of the Lungs and Air Passages, as Laryngitis, Bronchitis and Consumption; all diseases of the Kidney, Liver, Pancreas, and the Glands generally; all diseases of the Blood, as Dropsy, Scrofula, all diseases of the Brain and Nerves, as Epilepsy, Chorea, or St. Vitus' Dance, Neuralgia, Palsy, and general nervous prostration; all diseases of Females, enlarged Uterus, and all forms of Seminal Discharge, and all diseases of the Eye and Ear, and all other Chronic Diseases.

No charge for consultation, but cash for medicines.

J. C. PLUMB. C. J. BELL.

PLUMB & BELL,

Manufacturers and Dealers

BOOTS, SHOES, Hats, Caps, &c.

Corner of Court and Fayette streets, opposite Kirk House.

WASHINGTON C. H., O.,

Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of the best brands of goods in their line known to the trade.

It is not a well known fact that they sell cheaper than any other establishment in Fayette county, but to establish said fact, it is only necessary for the citizens of said county to examine their goods and learn prices. They keep none but

The Best Workmen

in their employ.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

And sure to give good fits. Call on us, and you will be satisfied. Being satisfied is comfort, and comfort is wealth.

PLUMB & BELL.

ATTENTION LADIES!

MRS. T. L. DAY,

WOULD respectfully announce to her friends and the Ladies generally, that she can be found at her old stand,

Cor. of Fayette & East Streets.

Where she will be pleased to show her customers the new styles of

Bonnets, Hats, and—

Fancy Millinery.

Goods of all styles, and at prices commensurate with the times. Call and satisfy yourselves.

Washington, May 23, 1867. 26-1f.

NEW SHOE SHOP.

CHAS. DUFFEE & SON,

HAVE opened a new Boot and Shoe Shop in their new shop near the Wilson House. They are prepared to furnish of their own manufacture, everything in the Boot and Shoe line, made of the best material and in the best style of workmanship.

We request the public to give us a call, as we feel confident we can make it to their interest to buy of us. Give us a trial. Leather of all kinds and Shoe Findings of the best quality, for sale.

C. DUFFEE & SON. 26-1f.

[For the Herald.] A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS ROSALIE F.

"If in Heaven they're permitted To come back to earth again, O, how often I'll be with you!"

Said our darling Nellie; then Her pale hands she meekly folded, And beyond our mortal ken Angels came and gently bore her, Where there's neither death nor pain.

'Tis a year since thus she left us, With a halo on her brow; On her lips those words of comfort We so fondly cherish now.

And we pondered then when sadly Her loved form we laid so low, Hoping that she'd be permitted To fulfil that parting vow.

But we've waited long and vainly For some note of heavenly cheer— Some sweet token to assure us That she's sometimes very near.

Not the faintest note of rapture Ever breaks upon our ear, Nor the rustling of a pinion, Though we've listened oft to hear.

O, to lift the veil asunder, And behold that glorious scene, Where our Nellie waits enraptured, Clad in robes of spotless snow!

O, to see her sweet face beaming In the light of God, serene, As she roams beside the river, Through the pastures broad and green.

O, to hear her speak the beauty Of that land so wondrous fair, Tell us of the glorious visions That the ransomed spirits share!

Is there aught of earthly grandeur That can give us a glimpse, With the splendor she has witnessed Since her spirit entered there?

But we count her not as banished, Though her form lies 'neath the sod; Death's shadowy hand released her, From this weary, painful clod.

And she's smiling, sweetly resting From her sorrows, with her God. O, 'tis not far removal That the spirit path is trod.

And we feel that she is near us, Though no token hath the while, Rejoiced our senses; yet we're conscious Of the presence of her smile.

And her loving hand doth minister Our sad, weary hearts to 'quile. BLOOMINGDALE, June, 1867.

[For the Herald.] The Cottage by the Stream.

BY ALVARO.

'Tis the sweet Sabbath eve; how calm and serenely quiet the day with its joys and sorrows is sinking to rest.

The morning sunlight that flooded hill and dale, is fading into golden eve, the evening clouds lie slumbering in the sky, and on the winds there is borne the sweet sound of the old village bell,—dear old bell, for long years thou hast tolled the funeral dirge for many who are now sleeping the last, long sleep.

How oft have we been summoned by thy solemn tones to mingle our tears with the bereaved and lonely ones of earth. To-day thou hast tolled for one for whom many tears shall fall.

From the Cottage by the Stream we hear the voice of weeping; for long weary months the angel of death has been hovering 'round, patiently waiting to waft the spirit home.

Last night when the pale stars faded from the sky, they came across the silent stream dear little Eva, and to-day heads are bowed in grief, for the light of the cottage by the stream has gone out forever.

The sunlight of her smile has faded to beam again in heaven. Oh! if grief like theirs cannot call from us a tear, may our eyes never learn to weep.

Toll on, old bell, blend thy sad tones with the grief of the saddened household, where to-day the cold and lifeless form of Eva bore the infant smiles of innocence.

In the deep, hushed hours of the night, we have watched by the side of her whose spirit the angels have beckoned home.

To-night the stars in the blue dome of heaven, shed their pale light 'round the cottage by the stream. The moon rises clear in heaven's cloudless sky, but silently across the stream the bark has gone to that sunny land where the knell of death is never heard.

The death angel's wings flung their shadow o'er the cottage by the stream, and the familiar songs of old are heard no more; and out upon the midnight sky, the pale stars look tremblingly down upon the mournful scene. But ever at the returning twilight hour, the voice of prayer is heard,—and grief, too deep for utterance, tears, bitter tears—tell the depth of sorrow that mark the passing hours.

The sound of the rippling waters mingle their sad song with the grief of the oppressed. No more the sound of joyous laughter is heard in the cottage by the stream; no more the rose and lily blossom by

the brook, for the hand that nurtured them lies cold in death's silent embrace.

Bright the moonlight beams up on the hills, and sighing winds whisper their sad song 'round the cottage by the stream. Death had loved a shining mark, and Eva—gentle Eva—left the circle here to join the circle in that bright land, where angels tune their golden lyres to songs of endless praise.

May the saddened household have a happy meeting 'beyond this realm of broken ties, where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

A Milwaukee Dog Tale.

The ice was very weak in the river above the city, but two dogs had the temerity to believe it strong enough to hold them up, so they started to cross. About half way over, one of them broke through.

The other saw that harm had befallen his comrade, and broke into a run, yelling loudly. He had nearly reached the shore, when, finding that his comrade did not come to time, he whirled, and went back as fast as he could, reached the spot where the unfortunate was foundering in the water in his vain attempts to extricate himself, and reaching over, grasped him by the neck and endeavored to pull him out. It was a bigger job than he had contracted for, and he tried it at the evident risk of being pulled himself.

At length he seemed about to give it up as a bad job, stood upon the ice looking about him for a moment, and then, with a disconsolate wail, turned to walk away.

The dog in the river, conjecturing that he was to be deserted, uttered a melancholy yell, which fell upon the other's ears, and the latter, instead of leaving the spot, as he had evidently designed doing, turned ed and went back, and by a strong effort and with no danger to himself, seized the drowning dog by the neck and pulled him out so that he could get a foot-hold and save himself. The two dogs then made for the shore, losing no time by the way, as may well be imagined. The incident was witnessed by a number of people, and the sagacity of the dog was highly applauded.

DISGUSTING.—We hear it stated as a positive fact on last Monday morning a white man and a negro woman, both drunk, were seen reclining together on the street, locked arm-in-arm. At Oberlin or Xenia this is a common thing, but in Democratic Christian Marion, it is something new and novel—the first, and we hope the last occurrence of the kind which will ever take place here.

Marion Democrat.

Now, Tom, there is where the joke comes in. That white man is a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat!

Why, it takes a Democrat and a negro to make a full team! The negro woman was in favor of striking the word "white" out of that man, or he was in favor of striking the word "black" out of her, we are not certain which.

Which was it Thomas? Hope you'll gather up some more items of this kind during the coming campaign.

Marion Independent.

STEALING AT THE STATE FARM.—A thief was committed last week by one of the boys at the State Reform School. He took a gold watch and \$50 in money from one of the officials of the Institution, and absconded. He was re-taken, however, in a day or two, and placed in confinement. He is not an Ohio boy, and Commissioner Howe has instituted measures for his return to Iowa, where he really belongs, and where he was concerned in a heavy larceny a year or so ago.—Lancaster Gazette.

A young gentleman who was at one time very much smitten with a pretty little "Friend," said that in his travels through the West Indies he often felt some severe shocks from earthquakes, but they were not a circumstance when compared with those which he experienced from this earthquake.

A boy in Montreal put two fire-crackers into his nostrils and fired them to see the effect. He now knows that he has no nose.

A CURTAIN LECTURE CONCERNING SKATING.

"Oh! go to sleep, you old fool!" "Mr. Twain, I am surprised and grieved to—"

"Don't interrupt me, woman! I tell you it's absurd—you learn to skate! You'll be wanting to play fairy in the 'Black Crook' next. I tell you skating is an accomplishment suited only to youth and grace and comeliness of face and symmetry of figure. Nothing is so charming as to see a beautiful girl in the coquettish costume of the rinks, with cheeks rosy with exertion, and eyes beaming with excitement, skimming the ice like a bird—and swooping down upon a group of gentlemen, and pretending she can't stop herself, and landing in the arms of the very young man her father don't allow her to know—and darting away again, and falling on her head, and exposing herself—exposing herself to remarks about her carelessness, Ma'am—hold your tongue!—and always taking care to fall when that young man is close by to pick her up. It is charming! They look pretty and interesting, too, when they are just learning—when they stand still a long time in one place, and then start one foot out gingerly, and it makes a break for the other side of the pond and leaves the balance of the girl sprawling on this side. But you! You look fat and awkward and dismal enough at any time; but when you are on skates you waddle off as stuffy and stupid and ungainly as a buzzard that's had half a horse for dinner. I won't have it, Ma'am! And you get under a little precarious headway and then put your feet together and drift along, stooping your head and shoulders and holding your arms out like you expected a church to fall on you; it aggravates the life out of me! And Tuesday, when I was ass enough to get on skates myself, and kicked the Irish Giant's eye out the first dash, and lit on my head and cracked the ice so that it looked like the sun with all its rays had dropped where I struck, and they fined me ninety-two dollars for ruining the man's pond, I was terrified with the conviction that I had gone through to the inside of the world, because I saw the parallels of latitude glimmering all around me; and what was it but you, in your awkwardness, fetching up over me with your confounded 'tilters' on? You've got to discard those things. I can't stand the pew rent, and I won't."

Mr. Twain, I am surprised—"Hold your clatter! I tell you you shan't bring odium upon the family by your disgraceful attempts to skate; sprawling around with your big feet like a cow plowing her way down hill in slippery weather. May be you wouldn't be so handy about displaying those feet of yours if you knew what occurred when I took your shoes down to get mended."

"What was it? Tell me what it was; tell me what it was this minute? I just know it's one of your lies!"

"Oh! don't mind; it ain't of any consequence; go to sleep."

"But it is of consequence!—You've got to tell me; you shan't aggravate me this way; I won't go to sleep till I know what it was."